

from my heart to yours

by anincomingdisaster

Category: Hamatora/ãf•ãfžãf^ãf©

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Murasaki, Nice

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-04-29 01:48:39

Updated: 2014-05-15 03:05:22

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:58:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 7,299

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A series of (short) oneshots centered around our favorite idiotic yet lovable Hamatora PI duo. Rating will change depending on each chapter. {Murasaki/Nice} Discontinued.

1. poem

****title**:** poem

****summary**:** Murasaki realizes that Birthday gives the most horrible advice (but it works out anyway).

****a/n**:** dedicated to rainshards; thanks for ruining me

* * *

><p>A loud thunk! echoes throughout the cafe.

The head of lavender hair shakes as the owner huffs angrily into his crossed arms.

A certain eccentric blond notices his friend's distress and sits next to him on a bar stool.

"Why the long face, Murasaki?" he inquires.

The lavender-haired man, Murasaki, shakes his head again and sighs, "Nothing, Birthday."

The blond, Birthday, laughs, effectively startling the other man. "Don't lie to me man." His mouth shifts into a tight line and all traces of mirth is gone from his face. His suddenly serious expression leaves Murasaki a bit uncomfortable.

"Seriously, why so glum, chum?" Such a childish question shouldn't make Murasaki spill out whatever his plaguing his mind. But it does,

anyway.

Murasaki sighs again, mustering all of his strength and sucking in his pride, before asking, "How would you seduce someone, Birthday?"

The blond just stares at the man through his sunglasses, his mouth open and his dumbstruck expression unwavering. Murasaki can see Birthday's eyes blink slowly, once, twice, registering the odd question.

"Wait, what?" he splutters.

"You heard what I said," Murasaki mutters darkly.

"Hmph, you shouldn't ask this buffoon such an intimate question," Ratio interrupts, seating himself right next to Birthday.

"What? Who you callin' a buffoon?" the blond exclaims, offended. He looks back to Murasaki. "And I can totally help you. Don't listen to Ratio-chan, he's being a jerk," he continues, ignoring Ratio's tch of annoyance.

Murasaki's face brightens a little, "Really?"

Birthday smirks, "Yeah, man. But ladies are unique creatures, so I can't assure you positive results."

The lavender-haired man blushes faintly. He murmurs something, embarrassed.

Ratio's interest is piqued now. "What was that, Murasaki?"

Murasaki exhales loudly, his heart pounding erratically and he hopes desperately that no one can hear. "I am not trying to seduce a woman," he repeats, reaching to get a glass with swirling orange liquid in it and brings it to his lips.

Birthday stares at the man blankly, before his face splits into a shit-eating grin. "So, it's Nice then, huh?"

Murasaki promptly chokes on his drink, setting the glass down on the bar counter so that it doesn't break and raises a fist to his chest to allow the liquid to go down the correct pipe.

"W-What makes you s-say that?" he stutters once he recovers.

"Well, considering that reaction to Nice's name and the fact that you are blushing," Ratio states matter-of-factly.

Once again, Murasaki's face has betrayed him.

"Yeah, it's for Nice," he affirms, his blush getting redder in intensity.

"You totally got the hots for him man - oof!" Birthday shouts in pain, rubbing his chest from where Ratio elbowed him. The doctor glares at him, as if saying 'be nice.'

The blond seems to get the message and slaps Murasaki on the

shoulder.

"Alright, Operation: Get Nice to Notice Murasaki is a go."

Murasaki deadpans at the blond's words, already regretting coming to him for help. Ratio, doesn't seem to mind, however, already used to Birthday's spontaneous actions.

"This is kinda hard though. What does Nice even like? Does he like anything?" Birthday scratches his chin, completely amiss as to what to do. He snaps his fingers. "You should write anonymous sexual innuendos to him. But, like, make sure that it's your distinct writing style so that he has an idea that it's you," Birthday finishes, a self-satisfied smirk plastered on his face.

"Maybe you should write him poetry," the doctor butts in.

Murasaki ponders the choices given to him and settles to a decision.

"Thanks, Ratio."

Birthday splutters, "Wha - ?! What about my idea? Murasaki get back here!" He turns to glare accusingly at Ratio.

"There was no way he was going to even consider that barbaric advice," Ratio scoffs.

Birthday pouts. "You're so mean."

* * *

><p>The next day, Murasaki enters the cafe with jitters in his stomach, an anxiety that he has never felt before in his life.<p>

In his pocket, he fingers a piece of paper; a card to be specific.

He makes a mental note to keep his face as neutral as possible as he sits in his usual seat and sets the card down on the table next to him, directly in front of Nice's seat.

Murasaki withdraws his hand quickly, his anxiety eating away to paranoia.

'_This is probably a bad idea_', he laments, trying to calm down and clears his throat, waiting for a certain brunet to arrive.

"Yo, Murasaki!"

The lavender-haired man turns to look at the one calling him.
"What?"

Birthday sits across from him, a reluctant Ratio trailing behind.

"So, you made somethin' for Nice or what?"

"Let's just hope that it's something meaningful," Ratio adds once he sits down next to the blond.

"Aww, sexual innuendos are where it's at!" Birthday grins.

"No, they're not. And why would something as provocative as that gain Nice's attention, anyway?" the doctor retorts.

"Shh, he's coming!" Murasaki interrupts their banter, deciding to open a magazine and look as if it's the most interesting thing on the planet.

"Mornin' guys," Nice greets, strolling into the cafe lazily. He sits next to Murasaki and the lavender-haired man is sure that his heart is going to beat out of his chest when he sees the card laid neatly before him.

"Hmm? What's this?" Nice picks up the card, looking at it suspiciously. The russet raises an eyebrow when a strong scent wafts through the air. He places the card under his nose and sniffs.

"Heh, perfume? Really?" Birthday snickers and yells out an _oww_! when Ratio elbows his arm and Murasaki kicks his shin. "What the hell?"

Nice looks at Birthday, the blond sending an uncomfortable grin in return. He squints at him and redirects his attention back to the card. He opens the flap and is greeted with beautifully written script and scans over the content. His eyes widen in surprise.

Your eyes are your soul
>Unyielding and infinite
>A stormy ocean
>And a tranquil sky
>They hold an ancient knowledge
>Wiser, far wiser behind their years
>A beauty that
>Only you are capable of.
>- M

Nice's cheeks flush when he's done reading and closes the card. An awkward silence ensues.

Murasaki really hopes no one can hear the immense thumping of his heart.

"Sooo, what was it?" Birthday asks, deciding to break the ice. He shrugs his shoulders when Ratio throws a glare his way.

The occupants of the table divert their attention to Nice, anxiously waiting for a reply, a reaction, _something_. The stubborn blush remains on the brunet's cheeks and he crosses his arms over his chest, pouting.

"Is this some kind of joke?" he inquires, the question directed to no one in particular.

Birthday stills, Ratio's eyes widen, and Murasaki chokes a bit.

Before Nice can continue, Birthday quickly yelps, "Wait! What was in it?"

"A poem. A love one at that, considering the context," Nice answers stiffly. "Is this guy obsessed with me or something?"

Murasaki's choking intensifies and Ratio rushes over to him, patting his back gently.

"Alright, alright, let's not be hasty here. Maybe you should give him - err, them a chance. Maybe you'll like them?" Birthday speaks, trying, but failing, to change the brunet's mind.

Nice's eyes rise at the mishap Birthday slips. '_A guy, huh?_'

He smirks, effectively surprising the others. "Alright, someone's trying to woo me? Let's see where this goes," he says, pocketing the card in his vest.

Ratio is rubbing Murasaki's back soothingly, trying to alleviate some of the pain.

* * *

><p>"We can all agree that was a failure," Birthday says, taking a sip of orange soda.<p>

They're all at the cafe again, hatching up a new plan to aid Murasaki's process of winning a certain brunet's heart. Nice seems to be out again, fortunately.

Murasaki's head is on the table and he groans, defeated.

Birthday tries to help. "Aww, c'mon, it was your first try. Next time will work for sure," he grins, hoping to cheer up the lavender-haired male.

"We'll have to use another approach," Ratio states, Birthday humming in agreement.

"I still think he should use sexual innuendos - "

Murasaki raises his head high enough to utter a single '_no_', Ratio saying '_absolutely not_' at the same time.

"You guys are no fun," the blond pouts. He chews his bottom lip and he snaps his fingers.

"A compromise then. Murasaki will use sexual innuendos - ," Murasaki groans in frustration, his forehead connecting with the hard oakwood again.

"Wait, hear me out. He'll use them in a poetic way. Eh, eh?" Birthday says, bumping his shoulder with Ratio.

Murasaki raises his head again, pondering on the idea. He sits up straightly and takes out a piece of paper and a pen from his coat pocket.

"Uh," Birthday stares at Murasaki, amused. The lavender-haired man glares back in return. "What?"

The blond holds up his hands defensively. "Nothin'. But, you have paper and a pen with you? Really?"

"A prepared man is a well off man," Ratio adds sagely.

"Shut up, you nerd," Birthday jokes, kicking the blunet's chair.

Murasaki clicks the edge of the pen and sets it to his paper, an idea already forming. "Tell me when Nice comes in," and with that, gets to work.

* * *

><p>Murasaki is sure that he's going to get into cardiac arrest if Nice doesn't like this one.<p>

"Yo!" Nice shouts, walking into the cafe.

Just in time. Murasaki lets out a shaky breath, his heart pounding loudly in his ears.

He looks to see Birthday grinning and sending him a thumbs up. Ratio's attention is focused on the device on his lap, only there to see Nice's reaction (and because Birthday forced him to; he can't say no to that puppy face).

With every step Nice takes, Murasaki's heart thumps a bit harder. When he sits down, his heart is a beating mess.

The card is the first thing the brunet sees and he smiles.

"Let's see what _M_ has in stored today," Nice says as he picks up the card and opens the flap.

While he's reading, Birthday is practically vibrating in his seat, with Ratio holding his shoulder to calm him down, and Murasaki is staring at his shoes, not knowing where else to look.

Roses are red

>Violets are blue

>Guess what? My bed

>Has room for two

>- M

Unbeknownst to Nice, Murasaki watches his face, fascinated, as a lovely scarlet blossoms over his cheeks and slowly trails to the tips of his ears.

>Murasaki may not show it, but he is aggressively fistpumping (in his mind, of course).<p>

Nice is too immersed in the card to notice Murasaki's stare and Birthday's incessant giggling (Ratio, once again, calming down the blond who's going in hysterics).

"Hmph," Nice grunts. "Alright M, you got me this time." He smirks and pockets the card again. Murasaki can't help but wonder where the other one went.

* * *

><p>"You got this in the bag man," Birthday exclaims, smacking Murasaki's back and sits across from him.<p>

"I thought he would figure out by now," Ratio says, sitting next to the blond.

"Maybe he's got a plan," the blond grins. "Or maybe he's dense. I dunno when it comes to Nice."

"Yeah, wellâ€|" Murasaki trails off, not knowing what to say.

"No card today?" Ratio observes, staring at the empty spot next to Murasaki.

Murasaki shrugs. "Nice had a positive reaction yesterdayâ€|"

"Hey, Murasaki!"

The glasses-wearing man turns around to the source of the voice.

"What?"

Nice saunters to him confidently and stops right in front of Murasaki, the latter having to crane his neck, only to look into mischievous aquamarine eyes.

"Wanna know what this vest is made out of?" the brunet says, smirking.

Murasaki raises an inquisitive eyebrow.

Nice's hand travels to the top of his vest and pops the collar. "Boyfriend material."

Murasaki stares at the russet disbelievingly. His eyes widen once he digests the statement and his brain to mouth connection falters.

"W-What? W-Wait you k-know - ?" Murasaki stutters, oh so eloquently.

Nice scoffs. "Of course. What do you take me for, an idiot?"

He glares at Birthday's murmured '_yes_.'

Murasaki is too busying dying out of embarrassment to notice.

His humility increase tenfold when Nice clasps his cheeks and promptly kisses him, his lips trailing over the tops of his cheeks, on his nose, and settles over his lips again.

Nice pulls away and wraps his arms around Murasaki's neck, rubbing his cheek on his head lovingly. Meanwhile, Murasaki is left a blubbering, blushing mess as he grips Nice's forearms.

He stares at Murasaki. "And M? Really? Out of all the aliases out there, you choose M?"

Murasaki lets out a muffled '_shut up_.'

"GEEZ GUYS GET A ROOM!" Birthday cheers.

"Congratulations, Murasaki," Ratio adds, a small smile on his lips.

"_SHUT UP!_"

—·—

—·—

fin.

* * *

><p>PLEASE IGNORE THAT STUPID POEM I MADE IT ON THE SPOT

woulda uploaded this sooner but was being kinda wonky...so yeah

2. suit and tie

summary:

 Murasaki should probably learn a bit self-control.

* * *

><p>Nice stares at Koneko disbelievingly, sticking his finger in his ear to ward off the wax that is possibly impairing his hearing. Disappointed to see that his hearing is in mint condition, he racks his brain to provide the manager a sensible response, in the least.<p>

"What," he manages eloquently.

Koneko sighs, frustration threatening to overtake her tone. "I said that Hamatora has been noticed by a popular magazine and they requested a photoshoot of all the members," she grits out, tapping her foot on the ground impatiently as her tail flutters about behind her.

Nice, for some apparent reason, is starstruck. "Well, I get that. But why?"

Murasaki grunts from his position next to the brunet. "Why are you complaining? It's good for publicity and you'll get more customers this way. Heavens know you need it," he mutters the last part inaudibly under his breath. Nice, catching the statement, pouts.

"Hmph, we'll do it," Nice surrenders.

Koneko smirks at the russet. "I don't believe I gave the impression that you had a choice."

Murasaki chuckles at the retort, resulting in Nice punching his shoulder. The lavender-haired man shrugs in response. "What? That was

pretty good," he chortles, further pissing Nice off.

"Oh yeah," Koneko interrupts the bantering duo, "make sure to wear your best clothes! We want to make a good impression, so don't mess this up!" She says, the last part directed to Nice and glares pointedly at him.

Nice laughs awkwardly, a finger scratching at the bandage that seems permanently attached to his cheek. "Heh, well you see Koneko" he trails off, searching for an adequate response as to not anger the cat-girl. He gesticulates animatedly, before blurting out, "I don't have any particularly nice clothes for the photo shoot since I can't afford a suit" Koneko please don't look at me like that."

The manager's face resembles that of a ripened tomato, one that is about to explode. Nice, unfortunately, is on the receiving end of said explosion.

Koneko takes the newspaper from the bar counter, rolls it up and smacks Nice with it; the resulting sound of the connection of the paper and Nice's head makes Murasaki visibly wince.

"You're going to find a suit, one way or another! And it's at 5, sharp!" she fumes.

Murasaki thinks it's a good enough time to interrupt, ruffling the sore spot on Nice's bouncy brown hair sympathetically. "I can let you borrow one of mine if you want," he offers.

Nice sighs from the rubbing, pleased at his boyfriend's ministrations. "But it would be too big. Have you seen your muscly chest?" he says, patting Murasaki's upper torso playfully.

"Well, it's better than nothing," Murasaki supplies, removing his hand from Nice's head to swat away the brunet's.

Nice rubs his bandage again, this time on the other cheek. "You make a compelling argument."

"Of course," Murasaki scoffs.

Koneko, upon realizing Nice's blunt observation, can't help but voice her interest. "Umm, I don't mean to interrupt, but Nice, how do you know how big Murasaki's chest is?" she inquires.

Nice grins at the manager. "Because I've seen it in bed - _ack_!" he yelps, a rough hand coming to enclose his mouth in a vice grip. "Murasaki, what the hell man?!" Nice shouts, trying to remove the offending appendage off his face.

Murasaki blushes, effectively pinning Nice's hands to his stomach, the brunet's muffled yelling being ignored. "It's nothing, Koneko. We'll just go and inform the others," he says and with that picks up the thrashing russet and perches him on his shoulders.

"Jeez, Murasaki, can you ever take a joke?!" Nice's shouting growing more distant as the lavender-haired man strolls through the street with a screaming man on his shoulder as if it was the most normal thing on the planet.

Koneko sighs and rubs her neck. "What am I supposed to do with those two?" The question was directed to no one in particular. Master grunts and continues the grind the never-ending coffee beans.

* * *

><p>Nice groans for the umpteenth time and throws up his hands in defeat. "This is impossible! I can run at the speed of sound and I can't tie a stupid _tie_!" He fiddles with the offending garment again, finding it extremely difficult to tie the stupid thing and is very close to throwing it at someone out of mere frustration.

Murasaki sighs at the brunet. "This is pathetic, even for you," he says, making no motion to help his boyfriend as he buttons his own suit jacket.

>Nice continues to make disgruntled noises as his fingers clumsily forms an ugly knot with the black fabric. "Uggh, Murasaki, help me!" he whines, seeing that his journey to the land of creating perfect knots is going nowhere.<p>

Murasaki chuckles, amused at Nice's misfortune and walks over to the struggling brunet. Nice glares in return, finding this torture nowhere near as humorous as Murasaki finds it and drops his hands to his side, allowing the lavender-haired man to take over.

They're at the alley where the photoshoot is taking place, cameras and lights scattered across the gray pavement. No one seems to pay them any heed as everyone was submerged in their own respective tasks.

Nice watches in awe as expert fingers whirl around the soft fabric, interested as to how the same calloused and rough appendages that are able of snapping a building in half in a manner of minutes is capable of looking so graceful. He continues to stare as the fingers swiftly ties a knot in a blurry haze, pulls it to the top and fastens it on the bottom of his collar. Murasaki steps back and hums, pleased with his work.

Nice, upon noticing that the other has finished, travels his gaze to Murasaki. The suit fits him well, complimenting his frame (Nice widens when his eyes rest on Murasaki's arms because _holy shit look at those biceps_) and manages to make the man impossibly more handsome than he already is.

'_Aw fuck_,' Nice gulps, '_he's really hot_.'

Murasaki continues to admire his handiwork and gives Nice a once-over. He's content with how the brunet looks and finds it positively adorable that the suit jacket hangs a bit loosely off his athletic frame, considering Murasaki's bulkier body. Nice's dress shirt is also crumpled around the waist as it sticks out a bit over the belt, the brunet having sloppily shoved the oversized apparel in his pants. His musings are cut short when Nice tugs his tie, bringing their faces closer than necessary for mere conversing.

"What is it?" Murasaki asks and raises a pale eyebrow when silence is met with his inquiry. "Nice?" he tries again, settling his hand on the other's shoulder and lightly shakes him.

Nice, enlightened with the sudden realization that Murasaki is goddamn attractive as hell in that suit, decides to act upon his desires. He raises his mouth to Murasaki's and presses firmly, yanking the lavender-haired man even closer so that the hand clutching his tie is nestled in the wrinkles of Murasaki's dress shirt. The brunet places a hand behind the Murasaki's head and tilts his own, mouthing at the latter's lips all the while.

Murasaki, certainly not expecting this sudden turn of events, grips onto Nice's hips for balance and presses into the kiss, Nice humming in satisfaction. Breaking from the kiss, he trails his teeth down Nice's throat and raises his hand to push the neon green headphones and his collar aside and sucks randomly on the column of pale flesh presented to him.

The brunet gasps shakily under the attention and keens when the other man scrapes and sucks rather harshly on particular spot on the juncture of his neck and collarbone. Murasaki pulls away and smirks, his lips swollen and glistening with his own spit, leaving lovely shades of bruised scarlet across the russet's neck. Nice is left as a panting and blushing mess, grasping onto Murasaki's arms for support (because he's certainly not trusting his own shaky knees as of the moment).

"Ahh," Murasaki starts, concerned that the love bites he gave Nice are rimmed with a mauve hue. "That's a problem."

"W-What?" Nice makes an incoherent noise, his voice too shaky at the moment to form proper sentences (and he does not want to show it, knowing all too well that Murasaki would give him shit all the way to his grave if he ever knew that only he can make Nice like this).

Murasaki seems hesitant to answer. "Are you sure you won't get mad?"

Nice frowns. "Just say it."

The taller man looks nervous, something that also made Nice feel a bit edgy as well. "Murasaki, if you don't say anything, I swear on my headphones - "

"I may or may not have given you hickeys," the other male blurts, cheeks reddening with his outburst.

Nice stills, digesting the information. The brunet's silence makes Murasaki worry for his life, as he probably thought of five ways to throttle him.

"Murasaki, you piece of shit!" Nice shouts, fists thumping on the lavender-haired man's shoulders in an angry flurry, the male being attacked failing to protect himself from the onslaught as he prays to some sympathetic deity out there to save his sorry ass.

"Alright guys! Time to take the photos!" a cameraman shouts. Murasaki, seeing that Nice was momentarily distracted, took this as a chance to run to the set, as it is the only solace to escape the brunet's wrath.

Art, who was chatting happily with the other members of the crew, strolls to the set, Birthday and Ratio appearing out of nowhere, looking equally breathless (considering Ratio's disheveled hair and Birthday's crumpled shirt).

Nice grumbles angrily, seeing that his boyfriend was saved for the time being. For now, he had to find a way to hid these bruises.

A cameraman approaches him. "Ah, Nice, would you mind sitting in the front on the lowest step over there?" he points, completely oblivious to Nice's mumbling string of colorful curses.

He sits on the aforementioned step reluctantly, spreading his legs out. Using quick thinking, Nice uses his headphones to cover the hickeys as Murasaki settles behind him, laughing quietly. Art sits next Murasaki, Birthday and Ratio deciding to sit all the way in the back. Nice is grateful that the crew doesn't mention anything about his unkempt state.

"We're going to take the pictures now," a woman announces and signals for the camera crew to begin. As a series of blinding flashes onslaughts Nice's eyes, he severely hopes that the headphones are effectively hiding his bruises.

"Alright!" the woman from before claps. Murasaki stands slowly, attracting the confused stares of everyone other than Nice, who is preoccupied with staring at the ground, motionless. "We're done here! Thank you for cooperating with us so nicely!"

And with that, Nice promptly chases Murasaki down the alleyway, intent on giving him a one-way ticket to hell.

—.—

—.—

fin.

* * *

><p>[muffled laughing in the distance] oh god im horrible

im not sure if this is just me but i feel like my writing style is changing or somthing i dunno maybe its just me

3. hopeless romantic

summary: How to woo a guy on his birthday, a guide by Murasaki.

a/n: its only one day after, so happy birthday nice, you loser

* * *

><p>Nice is not the type of person to worry, but when he hasn't seen or heard from Murasaki the entire day, a feeling of dread can't help but plague his mind. He's gone on his special day, no less.<p>

His anxious thoughts aren't alleviated when he asks the others for his whereabouts, the responses being curt ('_I don't know. Have you asked - ?_'), while others look away from Nice, their bleak expression a good enough answer as it is.

Birthday was merciful enough to give a (not very helpful, but appreciated) hint as to where the lavender haired man could be.

"Have you checked _everywhere_?"

"_Yes_," the brunet stresses, irritated by the evasiveness that is Birthday's replies. "I have checked everywhere. There is only so many places he could go. Did he leave the planet or something?" He groans in frustration and musses his already unruly hair.

Birthday chuckles at his friend's expense, removing the offending hand off Nice's head. "Why do you want to see him so badly anyway?"

Nice blushes in spite of himself. "Err, well, I kinda maybe wanted to spend time with himâ€|" Glancing at Birthday's amused expression, he blurts out an accusation of his own. "What about you huh? Where is Ratio at?"

The blond's face saddens a little, but is quickly removed in place of careful thoughtfulness. "He's busy. Didn't want to bother him, so I'm here. Anyway, what's wrong with hanging with us here? You can spend time with both him and us."

Nice falters. "I wanted to be with himâ€|aloneâ€|" he trails, avoiding the mirthful twinkle that he knows is in Birthday's eyes; not even the shades can obscure his amusement.

"Tryna make a move, eh? On your birthday too? Damn, Nice, you go man," the blond snickers, failing to hide the giggles behind the safety of his hand.

Nice's flush increases tenfold. "I-It's not like t-that! I just wanted to - ugh!" He groans and the hair tousling starts again, seeing that an excuse will not help his predicament.

"Maybe he left some hints around or something. I mean, it is your birthday, so he's probably doing something special," Birthday says, deciding to unleash his holy mercy on the suffering brunet.

Nice scoffs at the blond's hypothesis. "This is _Murasaki_ we're talking about. Why would he go through all that trouble?" The idea of the stern man doing something as ridiculous as doing something akin to a treasure hunt was unfathomable to Nice. Though, such a nice gesture leaves Nice's heart thumping away, more than he would like to admit.

Birthday smiles. "Because you guys are datingâ€|?"

Nice bristles at the blunt statement. "We are not _dating_," he splutters, scratching away at the bandage on his left cheek, a nervous habit that he's picked up (around Murasaki specifically, Birthday likes to remind him). The increasing rosy hue on his face is

not helping his case, either.

"Whatever you say man. I saw him this morning while I was coming here. Told me to tell you to go uhh, hold up," he thrusts his hand into his jacket pocket and fishes out a slip of paper, handing it to Nice, "here."

Nice takes the paper and takes in the hasty scribbled, yet elegant, writing that Murasaki alone is capable of. His eyes widen at the prescribed address, however. '_This is the address of a flower shop. Why would he want me to go there?_'

Birthday, now curious by Nice's reaction to what is written on the slip, coughs to get the man's attention. "Sooo what's on it?"

Nice startles from the sound. "Um, just says to go somewhere." He pockets the slip. "Did he say anything else?"

Birthday taps his chin. "Hmm, not really - oh yeah! He says to meet, uh, someone called Momoka? He says to ask for a delivery under his name and that's pretty much it."

Nice nods and turns to the door of the cafe. He looks back when Birthday calls out to him.

"Oh yeah, Nice, you're turning 18, right?"

Nice hesitantly nods in affirmation. "What about it?"

Birthday's smirk widens. "It means you're legal now."

A brown eyebrow raises in confusion. "Legal? For what?"

Birthday laughs at his befuddlement, then waves a hand dismissively at him. "Nuthin'. Now shoo, you have something to do."

Nice leaves the cafe, more confused than ever by Birthday's words; the man is a walking enigma. '_No point of thinking about it now. I have to find Murasaki_, ' he muses and with that, searches for a certain flower shop.

* * *

><p>Nice can't help but wonder what Murasaki was thinking when he did this. He's currently inside the flower shop which is a small, but homely, store. Flowers and greenery of all sorts and varieties litter the walls in abundance and on the ground in little shapely pots; natural, and the occasional artificial, scents whisking through the air. It's a very colorful place, run by an ironically stern looking woman who rules over her precious shop with an iron fist. A woman who goes by the name of Momoka, Nice presumes from the neat letters on her nametag.<p>

Nice also can't help but feel a bit uneasy around the woman. She seems so serious, the type of person who says nothing but whose actions say it all (he also feels threatened by her gardening scissors because those look like they could snap his neck if he did something slightly wrong).

She looks up from her snipping, only to look right into Nice's eyes,

her own magenta ones stoic and lurking with a chaotic calm.

"May I help you?" she asks, redirecting her attention back to trimming the leaves around red roses (Nice gulps; he shouldn't be nearly shitting himself because a tiny woman wearing a sky blue apron should not look _threatening_).

"Uh, yeah. I'm here for the delivery under Murasaki," he says quickly, daring not to look into the woman's eyes again.

She smiles and Nice can feel himself moving a bit backwards because that also looks scary as hell.

"Of course. I'll be right back," is the last thing she says before submerging herself into the flowery mosses at the back of her shop (which is probably where she keeps her torture dungeon, Nice adds on).

She reappears holding a cluster of small flowers with tiny lavender petals and short stems wrapped in purple paper. Momoka readjusts the pink ribbon and hands it to Nice.

"They're called Lobularia maritima. I don't know as to why your lover would choose something like this however; not very popular amongst the young ones," she says, ignoring the blush on Nice's face.

"H-He's not my lover!" Nice trails off, burrowing his reddening face into the lavender petals. "Well, not yet, anyway," he mumbles.

The woman laughs, startling Nice whose face remains in the small flowers. "Well, I bid you good luck on your journey. Come again soon," and with that walks back to her roses, trimming away once again, leaving Nice to his own disarray of thoughts.

He pulls the flowers away, the sweet honey scent a bit too overwhelming for his taste. '_Hmm, honey_.' His eyes widen dramatically from sudden enlightenment. '_Honey!_'

He puts on his headphones and activates his minimum, hastily apologizing for the disorder of scattered petals and thorns left in his wake.

* * *

><p>Nice is panting heavily when he finally reaches the busy center of Yokohama Mall (running through bustling people with barely enough space to pass was something he did not want to experience again).<p>

He stands from his kneeling position and walks to a table occupied by two, slamming his hands on the table, effectively startling Honey's attention from Mighty Script and Three from whatever manga he was so intensely immersed in.

The blonde girl glares at him from the sudden intrusion. "What do you want?"

Nice takes out the flowers and shoves it in Honey's direction. "What

do you know about this?"

"Well, I know that if you don't move that from my face right now, I'll beat you black and blue, that's for damn sure," she threatens pushing the aforementioned bouquet from her face.

"Er, sorry," Nice apologizes, taking the flowers away and scratches his bandage, his mouth set in a sheepish smile. "But seriously, did Murasaki tell you anything about these?" he inquires again.

"How can you be so sure that I know about it?" Honey counters.

"Uh, well, the flowers smell like honey, and your name is Honey soâ€|" Nice mutters, the humiliation of his statement smacking him like a brick.

"That's the most stupid thing I've ever heard," she states bluntly, unimpressed.

Nice still stands in front of them stubbornly. Seeing that he's not leaving anytime soon, Honey smirks. "Even though that deduction was dumb, I must give you credit for finding out with such scarce clues. Good job, you broke detective," Nice lets out an offended _hey!_ at that, "alright Three, show him."

Three gives out a grunt and turns a page in his manga. He shows the contents to Nice, who reads the message eagerly. The page is scattered with mismatched and bright letters, in varying fonts and colors, the magazine cutouts dispersing across the two pages in a temerarious manner. '_Visit Art and ask for sweets_', it says.

Nice's confusion has doubled; first Birthday's weird words, the flowers, and now this? What is Murasaki up to?

Three pulls the manga away and starts to read from where he left off.

"Happy birthday and all, but if you don't mind, we're busy," Honey says and Nice leaves for the police department, not intending to aggravate the blonde further.

* * *

><p>Art has been busy the entire week; impossible cases and complaints have been flooding his office and free time with no mercy. He would ask Nice for help, but he doesn't wish to bother the man on his special day either. Decisions, decisions.<p>

He's not very surprised when the brunet walks in, considering a certain lavender haired man's earlier appearanceâ€|

"â€|Speak of the devil," Art murmurs as Nice walks up to him.

"Good afternoon, Nice. What brings you here?" the inspector inquires.

"Hey, Art. Sorry to bother you, but has Murasaki come here earlier?"

Art smiles innocently, "Hmm, perhaps. Who needs to know?"

Nice chuckles at his friend's attempt at evasiveness. "I do. Why else would I come all the way here?"

"True," is all he says as he turns to leave for his office. He pretends to ignore Nice's _hey, wait!_ and takes out a red covered box, throwing it to Nice who catches it with ease. "Happy birthday, Nice," he says, smiling ominously and leaves Nice to his own devices.

"Thanksâ€¦" he says, staring at the little box that's veiled with a red wrapper and a sole gold ribbon. '_For Nice_', it reads on the little tag on the corner. He turns the tag over. '_Make sure to visit the doctor, no one wants to be stuck with cavities_.'

'_Doctor, huh?_' Nice grins, an almost skip to his stroll out of the police department and to his next destination.

* * *

><p>Nice walks into the hospital sluggishly, his soles aching from all the running. 'He could've at least made the places closer,' Nice thinks, set on finding a certain blunet.

Nice sneaks past the receptionist and looks randomly into rooms (all done within a minute courtesy of the Sonic Minimum) and finds the doctor preoccupied with an elderly patient. From the looks of it, it seems that he'll be with them for a while, so Nice sits on the bench adjacent to the doorway (who has trouble falling asleep ten minutes later because the patient is coughing out their lung or something, jeez, are they alright?).

He's roused from the deep depths of unconsciousness when someone shakes his shoulder, albeit stiffly. Nice's eyes slowly open, trying to bring feeling back to his lethargic eyelids. He shoots up from his seat, accidentally bumping his head with the person in front of him.

Ratio lightly curses from the sudden movement, rubbing his chin from the impact. He opens his mouth and closes it, deciding that his chastising would go disregarded by the brunet.

"Nice, don't you have anything better to do than wait outside my patient's room?"

Nice blinks from the accusation and his lips curl into an embarrassed smile. "Heh, sorry about that Ratio. Anyway, has Murasaki been here earlier? The latest clue I got was to meet you - "

"Did you eat the chocolate yet?" Ratio interjects.

"N-No. Wait, how do you even know - "

"You should."

"Alright, but what does tha - "

"Make sure to eat it carefully though."

Nice huffs angrily. "Will you stop interrupting - "

"Give me the flowers," Ratio says curtly, ignoring Nice's internal seething and his aggressive murmuring of '_oh my fucking god._' He gives the flowers to the doctor and Nice realizes that it probably wasn't the greatest idea to hold the flowers so tightly while running through bustling city streets at high speed. Some of the petals are falling off, others torn. Nice winces from the torture he's given to the unfortunate recipients.

"So now will you tell me what's - wait, what are you doing?" The brunet stares aghast as Ratio plunges his hand into the lavender and yellow depths, his hand rummaging around with the grace of a stoned alligator, finally pulling out a single sweet alyssum with a note tied around the stem.

"Here," he says, giving the ruined flowers back to Nice. "Also, happy birthday," Ratio bids him with a wave and leaves for his next patient.

"Uh, thanks," Nice says to the doctor's retreating back, still shell-shocked from the entire ordeal. He reads the paper around the stem, seeing it to be yet another address. He places the devastated lone flower back into the cluster and takes out the red box given to him earlier from his vest pocket, still holding the flowers as he takes his leave from the hospital.

* * *

><p>Now that he thinks about it, Nice has never actually gone to wherever Murasaki lives (but he shouldn't be having epiphanies while eating melting chocolate, holding torn flowers, looking into space at the middle of a busy intersection).<p>

He yelps when he bites onto something oddly metallic inside the sweet, grumbling about '_chocolate makers these days_', while nibbling around the shiny object. Once finished, he sees that the metallic object was a key.

"Who the hell puts a key inside chocolate," Nice says, a bit too loudly, startling a few passerbys near him. He tells himself to keep note of this to complain to Murasaki once he finds the bastard.

* * *

><p>Nice double checks the apartment number displayed before him. It's just like any apartment, ordinary and quaint, though the muffled acoustic music coming out of it definitely deserves his suspicion. He knocks on the door, curiosity evolving into impatience as his light knocking goes into full out banging.<p>

Nice stops his fist when he realizes that the sound of skin hitting wood is no longer ringing in his ears and that his hand is resting on a firm chest.

"You had a key," the man says, his chest rumbling with each word spoken.

"What." Nice manages, mentally smacks himself from such a stupid statement.

Murasaki smirks, marveling at the brunet's eloquent statement. "Did you not get a key?" he asks, walking back into the apartment, motioning for Nice to follow.

The shorter male walks in and closes the door behind him, kicking off his shoes. "Well, yeah."

"Then why didn't you use it?" Murasaki calls out from another room, probably the kitchen, considering the pleasant aromas wafting through the apartment.

Rather than answering his question directly, Nice plops onto the other man's sofa, propping his feet onto the table. "Who the hell puts a key in chocolate anyway? I could've choked on it. I could've _died_," he complains dramatically.

"But you didn't," Murasaki points out, emerging from the kitchen.

Unable to reply with a proper comeback, he decides to comment on Murasaki's fashion. "Nice apron," he retorts, eying the bright pink fabric resting on the taller man's torso.

"Feet off the table," he chides, taking off the apron and throwing it at Nice. "Help me set it up, too."

Nice gets up and drops the apron on the floor. "Alright, alright," he says, taking plates of food and setting it on the table. "What's the music for?"

"I felt like it," Murasaki answers, placing the rest of the condiments on the table.

Nice snorts. "Sap."

"Eat your food," the taller man grunts, picking up his fork.

Nice chuckles and sits next to him, taking his own plate. "Why did you do all of this anyway?"

"Because it's your birthday," Murasaki replies easily.

"Does that mean I get a birthday kiss, too?" Nice asks cheekily.

Murasaki pauses his eating, considering the question and says, "No."

"Why not?" Nice pouts.

"Because we're not dating."

"Who told you that?"

"Hmm," there's a small smile on Murasaki's mouth, "a certain someone."

Nice mumbles something and Murasaki's grin widens. "What was that?"

The brunet fidgets in his seat sulkily. "Can we be? Dating, I mean."

Murasaki sets his plate down and reaches over to Nice, moving the russet locks so that it curls behind his ears and kisses the bandage on his cheek. "Sure."

"Yay." Nice is sure there's a stupid smile on his face, but he's too damn happy to care, as his heartbeat thumps away, overwhelming the melodious guitar playing in the background as it beats with Murasaki's own.

* * *

><p>The duo arrive at the cafe the next day holding hands, all which was overlooked except by one individual.<p>

"Now are you guys dating?" Birthday shouts, giggling all the while.

"Shut up, Birthday."

—·—

—·—

fin.

* * *

><p>i procrastinated this way more than usual

accept this shitty thing for your birthday nice, because you're too poor to get anything better

End
file.